

VOL. 18, NO. 219.

CONNELLVILLE, PA., MONDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1915.

EIGHT PAGES.

ANOTHER AMERICAN STEAMER VICTIM OF GERMAN SUBMARINES

Crew Saved and Landed in Scotland in Own Boats.

OFFICIALS ARE PERTURBED

Believe Germany Has Committed Another "Unfriendly" Act Which Last American Note Warned Against; Ship Laden With Flax Contraband.

By Associated Press.
LONDON, July 26.—The American steamship Lehigh, from Archangel, July 24, was reported to have been sunk yesterday by a German submarine off the northwest coast of Scotland. All of the crew of the Lehigh were saved. They were brought into Kirkwall in their own boats.

The Lehigh left New York May 17 with a cargo of cotton consigned to the Lehigh Valley. The ship was loaded with flax, a contraband of war, and was carrying a cargo of cotton. The ship was loaded with flax, a contraband of war, and was carrying a cargo of cotton.

An official statement of the German government issued April 15, 1915, set forth that this was a contraband of war. The Lehigh was a contraband of war. The Lehigh was a contraband of war. The Lehigh was a contraband of war.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The foreign office of the American government today expressed its shock to American officials who were in the incident further confirmation of the action taken by Germany and the United States. The American government today expressed its shock to American officials who were in the incident further confirmation of the action taken by Germany and the United States.

WALSLEY, ALABAMA, July 26.—A lightning bolt struck a house at Walsley, Ala., today, killing a man and a woman. The lightning bolt struck a house at Walsley, Ala., today, killing a man and a woman. The lightning bolt struck a house at Walsley, Ala., today, killing a man and a woman.

The storm had hit the Lehigh in the Atlantic. The storm had hit the Lehigh in the Atlantic. The storm had hit the Lehigh in the Atlantic. The storm had hit the Lehigh in the Atlantic.

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GENERAL CADORNA IN ADS ITALIAN PORTS IN 1915



General CADORNA

UNIONTOWN LAWYER AND SON KILLED AS CAR STRIKES AUTO

W. L. Gans and Boy Meet Death at Lethal Trolley Crossing.

TRAVELING FAST, IT IS SAID

Car Carries Wrecked Machine 200 Yards Before It Is Stopped. Victims Were Returning From Church After Making Mr. Gans' Mother Home.

William L. Gans, 42 years old, and his 15-year-old son, William L. Gans, Jr., were instantly killed about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon when a trolley struck their car as it crossed the tracks at Uniontown. The car was traveling fast, it is said, and was carrying a wrecked machine 200 yards before it was stopped. The victims were returning from church after making Mr. Gans' mother home.

HOUSING FOR THE HOME

Open Last Battle to Save Condemned Police Headquarters.

NEW YORK, July 26.—Council for Charles Becker, condemned to die Wednesday in the electric chair at Sing Sing for instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal, appeared before Justice Ford in the supreme court here today to fight the last battle to save their client's life.

OIL STRIKE SPREADS

Two Hundred Men Walk Out at Jersey City Works.

By Associated Press.
NEW YORK, July 26.—The strike of Standard Oil employees extended to Jersey City today. About 200 men walked out at the Jersey City works. The strike of Standard Oil employees extended to Jersey City today. About 200 men walked out at the Jersey City works.

UNITED BRETHREN CENTENNIAL WILL SOON BE OBSERVED

Conference at Mount Pleasant to Mark an Important Epoch.

ELABORATE PROGRAM ARRANGED

Pilgrimage to the Bonnet School Site, Where Confession of Faith and Articles of Disaffiliation Were Adopted. Included, Meets in Sept.

Special to The Courier.
MOUNT PLEASANT, July 26.—One of the great historical events planned by any church in Western Pennsylvania is the centennial of the United Brethren church, which will be held at Mount Pleasant, Pa., in September. The centennial of the United Brethren church, which will be held at Mount Pleasant, Pa., in September.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

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FURNITURE STOLEN

Landlord Sues for Goods Taken by Tenant.

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JUST CLIMBED HIS BACK

Otherwise, Negro Is Unlucky by a Ford Automobile.

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PROBING A MYSTERY

County Officials Baffled by Attack of Unknown Person.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

DRUNKS SENT TO JAIL

Mayor Sends Two Offenders Back to the Cells.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

A WARNING LIGHT

West Penn Plans to Prevent Collisions With Motor at Snyder Street.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

UNUSUAL

It happened on the West Side. A suffragist leader of female persuasion was trying to convert a well-known local landlord. Now he is a suffragist. A suffragist leader of female persuasion was trying to convert a well-known local landlord. Now he is a suffragist.

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PREACHER ARRESTED FOR CONTEMPT WILL SUE DEPUTY SHERIFF

Rev. Wells, Taken From Pulpit, Charges False Arrest.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

NOT IN CONTEMPT, IS CLAIM

Resolution as Pastor by Large Vote of Congregation Placed Him Beyond Action for Violating County Order, Contention of His Counsel.

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TWO MEN ASPHYXIATED

Overcome by Gas While Digging a Well Near Whitesville.

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Weather Forecast

Partly cloudy tonight and Tuesday.

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CHAUTAUQUA LOSES SUPPORT OF TOWN'S PREACHERS' UNION

Ministerial Association is Pleased Over the Band Concert.

They Won't Boost Any More

THEY WON'T BOOST ANY MORE

Ship on the West Is Given Redpath-Brockway Bureau for Not Shifting Its Schedule for the Week, Public Father Enjoyed the Music, Too.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

BROKE PROMISE TO WED, GIRL CLAIMS; SHE ASKS \$5,000

Davidson Maid, Not Yet 18, Sues the Prospective Bridegroom.

Chicago River Yields Up 810 Bodies Up to Noon.

THIRCE SET DATE, SHE SAYS

Last Time It Was to Be "After Ten."

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Coniff gave a birthday party Saturday afternoon at their home in 1214th street, Greensburg, in honor of the eleventh birthday of their daughter Katherine. The affair was marked by dainty appointments and was attended by a number of friends of the young girl. Various games were indulged in, after which refreshments were served. Little Miss Katherine received a number of pretty gifts in remembrance of the happy occasion. Out of town guests were Mrs. Kevin and daughter Helen, and son Scott of Lehigh; Mrs. Dineen, Ruth and Mary Thomas, Ethel and Margaret Lawson of Uniontown, and Miss Jennie Russell of Cumberland.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist Church will be held Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. S. L. Hall on Cottage avenue, instead of Friday evening, the regular meeting date. The meeting will be in the form of a lawn fete. Franks Brothers orchestra will furnish music and a most enjoyable evening is anticipated.

The August division of the Ladies' Circle of the Christian Church will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. A. Sorman in South Connelville.

The Grand International Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will meet Wednesday afternoon in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The L. C. D. A. will meet Wednesday evening in the Parochial school hall.

The session of the United Presbyterian Church will meet Wednesday evening.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the First Baptist Church will meet Thursday afternoon in the church.

The annual picnic of the Methodist Protestant Sunday school will be held Friday at Blackstone's Grove, near Connelville.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Methodist Episcopal Church will meet Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the church annex.

The N. C. D. Class of the First Methodist Episcopal Church will hold an ice cream social on the church lawn Saturday evening.

In addition to the committee already named Mrs. N. A. Holt, Mrs. E. L. Galtner, Mrs. Roy Holt, Mrs. John Levergood, Mrs. James Corcoran, Miss Ethel Painter, Miss Grace Moore and Miss Margaret Snyder, all of Dawson, will assist at the tea and ice cream social. The affair will be held at Linden Hall, St. James Park, the home of Mrs. Sarah L. Cochran.

The first meeting of the entertainment course to be conducted by the Men's Bible Class of the First Methodist Episcopal Church will be a lecture on "John Val Jean" by W. E. Burnett of Johnstown.

The quarterly conference of the First Methodist Episcopal Church will be held Thursday evening. Reports from the various societies will be submitted and an interesting program will be rendered.

A meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist Church will be held Thursday afternoon in the church. It will be the last meeting until September 1, and a large attendance is desired.

After spending some time at "In Silence" cottage at Bear Run, a party of local friends has returned to the city. Among them were Alice Rote, Anita Turner, Anne Elizabeth DeShazo, Ruth Cunningham, Ellen Sherrick, Lottie Kinsbury, Louisa Featherman and Josephine Munk. Miss Olive Priest, another of the party, is the guest of the Lynders family on Apple street. Sunday visitors to the camp were Mrs. Fred Munk, Helen Munk, Mary Heger, Eleanor DeShazo and Miss Elbert of Greensburg.

The King's Daughters of the First Presbyterian church will meet Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. McDonald. The annual inter-box opening of the Home Missionary Society will be held Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Lillian B. Edie. The congregation is invited. A meeting of the Women's

CHANGE THE VIBRATION

It Makes for Health.

A man tired leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat diet will reach a place where it is not wanted, where the system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

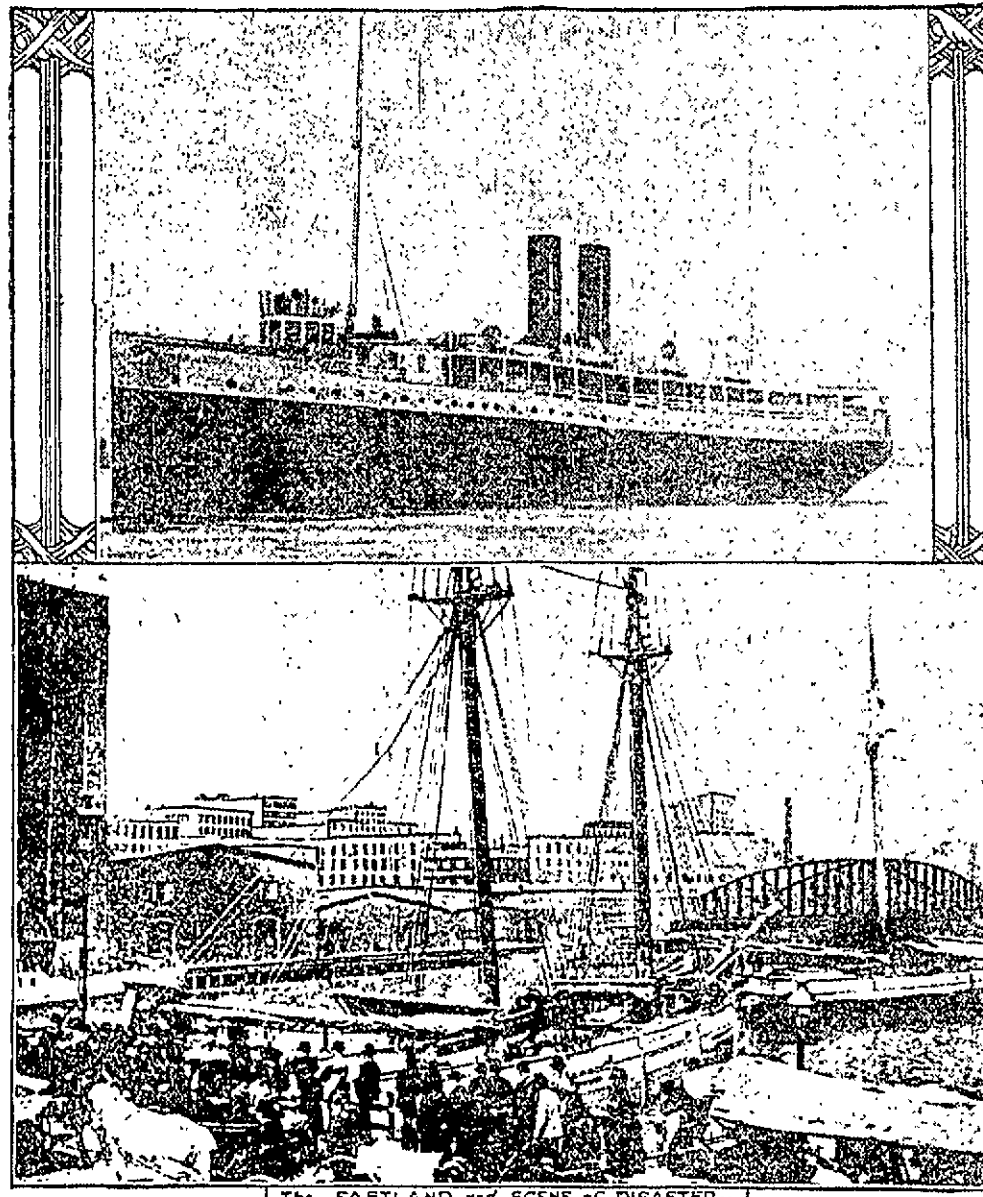
A change of this kind puts a new food that is slow to digest and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being changed quickly into rich blood and strong flesh.

A most valuable feature of Grape-Nuts is the natural mineral elements (phosphorus of postum, etc.) which in the grains from which it is made. These elements are absolutely necessary for the well balanced rebuilding of body, brain and nerves.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will show you a way to physical and mental strength worth the trial.

Look in place for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Sorrowful Scenes as Search is Made For Bodies in Chicago River Disaster



The EASTLAND and SCENE OF DISASTER.

guests of Mrs. Isaac Feather of South Connelville today.

Mrs. I. V. Roth returned home today from a visit with relatives at Confluence.

Alphern W. D. Coburn returned home this morning from Mt. Run, where he spent Sunday with his family. The son of Mr. Coburn who has been ill for the past several weeks, is improving very slowly.

John Murphy and sister, Miss Anna of Mount Holly, N. J., are guests of Mrs. Catherine John T. Hagan.

Mrs. Augustus Call and baby, Margaret Louise, of Clarkburg, W. Va. are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Madigan of East Connelville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Madigan of East Connelville, Pa., will be guests at the Madison home over Sunday, returning home this morning.

Garbald Dufano of Morgantown, was in town over Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Gelman arrived home yesterday morning from a visit to the Panama-Pacific exposition. She also visited Spokane, Seattle, Wash., Grand Canyon, Arizona and the Yellowstone National Park. Misses Bertha and Margaret Henry, who accompanied her, stopped off in Chicago for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Speer. The party arrived in Chicago about an hour after the steamship Eastland exploded.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Madigan and children of Pittsburgh have returned home after a visit at the home of Mrs. Ella Cook on South street.

Miss Antoinette Garcel of Pittsburgh is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hagan on Water street.

Miss Pearl Lehart is visiting friends and relatives at Brunswick, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flynn and family of the West Side are visiting in Pittsburgh on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hucker and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Widdell left yesterday afternoon in Rev. Hucker's automobile for Kentucky.

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Proulx and children will leave Thursday for Atlantic City.

Misses Ruth and Hazel Newcomb, who were in Scotland yesterday, are in the city today.

G. W. Enos motored to Greensburg last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kooser spent Sunday as the guests of the former's parents at New Castle.

C. A. Puchug, auditor for the West Penn, with Mrs. Puchug and their two children are spending a week's vacation as the guests of H. C. Gray at Elizabeth, W. Va.

Miss Nellie Clark went to Pittsburgh today to visit her sister, Mrs. George M. Hosack.

Mrs. G. W. Galtner and daughter, Miss Sarah, Miss Anna Brooker and Miss Mary Purkhill arrived home today from a sojourn at Chautauque, Misses Rose and Alice Donegan and their niece, Eleanor Tipton, are home from a two weeks' sojourn at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Harrison and daughters, Miss Emma and Winnie, left Saturday for Cedar Point, Cleveland and Detroit.

Mrs. P. C. Rose and Mrs. Woodhall, the latter of Charleroi, are visit-

ing the former's sister, Mrs. Katherine Sherrick at Somerset.

Mrs. L. A. Henderson of Mount Pleasant was the guest of Mrs. C. E. Jones of North Prospect street yesterday.

Alfred Allridge spent yesterday with friends at Elverson.

MANY APPLICANTS FOR TEACHERS IN TYRONE TWP.

School Boards of Both Upper and Lower Districts Choose Their Staffs.

Nearly 100 written and verbal applications for places on the teaching corps of the Upper Tyrone township schools were on file for consideration when the board of directors of those schools met on Saturday at the Kingsview school house in East Scotland. There were only 11 places to be filled out of that number.

The board and their teachers for the next month term, which will open in the township the first Monday of September, are as follows:

Board: Ford—Room No. 1, Mary Burkholder; No. 2, Letta Dull; Ridgeview—No. 1, Helen Baldwin; No. 2, Margaret Finney.

Kingsview—No. 1, Marion Bell; No. 2, Helen McGovern; No. 3, Bertha Smith; No. 4, W. DeVan McLean.

McClure—Frank Brooks; South Elverson—No. 1, Mary Jones; No. 2, Ethel Burkholder.

Overbrook—No. 1, Margaret Mollison; No. 2, Margaret Boyer; No. 3, Edward Dick.

Martin George of Broad Ford, was elected attendance officer, and John Felt of the Kingsview school building. New teachers in the township are: Margaret Mollison, Margaret Finney and Frank Brooks.

From Scotland, the latter two graduates from the high school this year, DeVan McLean comes from Normalville.

The school board is made up of William Baldwin, president; Joseph Weaver, secretary; D. E. Hagan, treasurer; J. E. Hite, vice president, and Augustus Sheridan.

The Lower Tyrone township school board held an all day session Saturday at the Hilltown school and elected the following teachers for the ensuing year:

Hilltown—No. 1, Miss Nellie Welsh; No. 2, Miss Ethel Painter; Taylor, Miss Verdena Piddison; Spring Grove, Miss Florence Welsh; Cochran, Miss Mary McMillan; Tyrone, Miss Emma Torrance; Gault, Miss Goldie Orbin; Florence, Miss Mary Zivny; Cunningham, Miss Rosie Newell; St. James Park, Miss Nellie Cunningham; Clay, Miss Anna Meyers; Miss Nowell, Miss Zivny and Miss Torrance were new teachers elected.

The board decided to reopen room No. 2 at the Hilltown school owing to the congested condition of room No. 1. On account of the decrease in attendance, the room was abandoned last year, but as there were too many students for one room, the arrangement proved unsatisfactory. The contract for supplies was let to R. E. Smith of Dawson. Seats for room No. 2 at Hilltown were also purchased.

The date for opening school will be set and plans for the annual reunion will be discussed at the next meeting of the board, Saturday, August 14. Henry Davis, president, was in charge of the meeting.

Hunting Bargains? If so, read the advertising columns of The Daily Courier. You'll find 'em.

OHIOPILE POPULAR

Big Excursion Crowd Visits There; Campers in Force.

Ohiopile is enjoying its popularity as a summer resort and yesterday one of the largest excursion crowds out of Pittsburgh, Connelville and other points in recent years visited that place.

Yesterday a number of guests were entertained by S. S. Clark and a party who are camping in the Pennell grounds. The camp is modernly equipped, and the visitors were entertained royally by the campers. Over the camp is a large streamer advertising Connelville holiday days. Another camp composed of Connelville boys is located there. Among those from Connelville who spent the day at Ohiopile were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kuchner, E. A. Hartmann, E. W. Lieberger, E. O. Markle, Harry Smith, Joseph Donnelly, Charles Haddock, James Gwynn, Denton Crowley, Thomas Barker, Ralph Morton, E. O. Youngkin, Ben Cook, Edward Santmyer, W. A. O'Brien. Others who took in the excursion were Clifford Edmunds of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kachner of Mount Pleasant and Edward Anderson of Scotland.

REPUBLICAN LITS CONTRACT.

Two More Open Hearths and Much New Equipment Are Planned.

The Republic Iron & Steel Company has awarded building contracts amounting to \$1,000,000.

They include two additional open hearth furnaces, two new tube mills, horsepower rollers for boiler sheets, and a 2,400 alternating generator.

Woman's Duty to Herself.

Every woman owes it to herself to keep in good health. No one can reasonably be expected to maintain a cheerful disposition when half sick with indigestion and constipation are two of the most common ills to which women are subject and fortunately are easily cured.

Mrs. H. C. Getty, Indiana, Ia., writes: "Last summer I was advised by a friend to try Chamberlain's Tablets for indigestion and constipation. This medicine not only cured me of these disorders but toned up my whole system so that my health has been better than for years since taking them. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Late Strawberries.

A North Pittsburgh street grocer displayed a few boxes of late strawberries on Saturday. They were quickly bought at 25 cents a box. A Franklin township farmer is supplying them. He reports that his crop and crop is almost as good as his first.

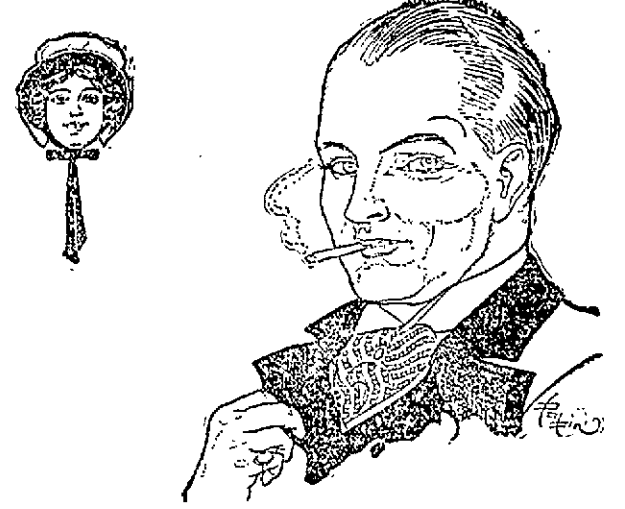
Closely Teacher.

Miss Ruth Cunningham, a recent graduate of Indiana State Normal School, has been elected a teacher in the schools of Creighton, Pa. for the 1915-1916 term.

One Cent a Word.

For classified advertisement, try them.

HORLICK'S
The Original
MALTED MILK
Unless you say "HORLICK'S"
you may get a Substituted.



EGYPTIENNE "STRAIGHTS" CIGARETTES

It is the fact that "STRAIGHTS" lives strictly up to its name that has made this unusual cigarette so popular with former smokers of higher-priced Turkish brands.

"STRAIGHTS" travels the straight line from 100% pure Turkish leaf to perfection of manufacture.

The result is the supreme Turkish quality which reveals itself to you in the first "STRAIGHTS" you smoke.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10 for 10c

All Fruit Jars Shoud be Parowaxed



Jars dipped in clean, sanitary Parowax (pure, refined paraffine) keep absolutely air-tight. Reward your hard work over that hot preserving kettle. Insure now against disappointment later. Four big cakes of Parowax in a box, 10 cents, everywhere.

The Atlantic Refining Company

Parowax

\$5.75 **\$5.75**
ROUND TRIP ROUND TRIP
NIAGARA FALLS

Next Saturday, July 31

Excursion tickets good going on trains leaving Pennsylvania Station, Pittsburgh, 9:00 A. M., 1:10 P. M. and 10:15 P. M. Eastern time, and their connections, good returning on all regular trains until August 1 inclusive.

Consult Ticket Agents, or E. Youngman, Division Passenger Agent, 212 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh.

Pennsylvania Railroad

When Nervous and Run Down

The Grim Reaper

MISS BERTHA WHALEY.

Miss Bertha Whaley, 37 years old, died this morning at her home, No. 401 York avenue, following a brief illness. Miss Whaley was operated on about a year ago at a Pittsburgh hospital and recovered from the operation. Yesterday, about noon, she was stricken with apoplexy and died this morning at 4 o'clock. Preceded by one sister, Mrs. Margaret Whaley, and a brother, Jesse Whaley, both of Connelville.

The mighty restorative power of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription speedsily causes all womanly troubles to disappear—compels the organs to properly perform their natural functions, corrects displacements, overcomes irregularities, removes pain and misery at certain times and brings back health and strength to nervous, irritable and exhausted women.

What Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for thousands it will do for you. Get it this very day from any medicine dealer, in either liquid or tablet form, or write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for confidential medical advice, free and without favor or send for free book on Diseases of Women. If your druggist does not sell the Tablets send 50 cents to Dr. Pierce.

MATTHEW PENTON.

Matthew Penton, 53 years old, a short at West Newton, died suddenly yesterday of peritonitis. Mr. Penton was one of the best known residents of West Newton and recently moved into his new home. In addition to his wife he is survived by a large family of children, three brothers, George, Penton of South Connelville; William Penton of Dravosburg; James Penton of McKees Rocks; his step-son, Robert Penton, and a step-daughter, Miss Jennie Penton of South Connelville.

The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the First Methodist Episcopal Church at West Newton, with interment in the West Newton cemetery.

GEORGE PAINTER.

Mrs. Thomas J. Smith of the West Side, received word this morning of the death of her brother, George Painter at his home in Reading.

Mr. Painter's death marks the end in the family in the past year. Ann Smith, a niece of the deceased, will leave tomorrow for Reading to attend the funeral.

Read the advertisements.

Corry, Pa.—A lady next door recommended me to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was in a nervous and run-down state. I had no disease that I knew of, but was dragging around. I used 2 bottles of "Favorite Prescription" and it was very good. It did all I could expect and I got over my nervous, run-down condition. I always think well and speak favorably of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.—Mrs. O. W. Sams, 25 Brook St.

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Doctor Pierce's Tablets are unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, easiest to take. One tiny Sugar-coated Tablet a Day. Cures Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Irritability, Bloating Attacks, and all derangement of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Want Ads. 1c a Word.

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HUMANITARIANISM IN MINES INDUSTRY LAUDED BY STATE

Deputy Chief of Department
of Mines Tells of Pro-
gress Made.

PRaise FOR THE COKE REGION

Frank Hall Points With Pride to the
Progressiveness of the U. S. Steel
Coke Company in Making Working
and Living Conditions Nearly Ideal.

Under the title "Mining and Humanitarianism," Frank Hall, deputy chief of the Department of Mines of the U. S. Geological Survey, in a pamphlet which is now being distributed, points out the progress made in the coke region in making working and living conditions nearly ideal.

It seems like a fair cry from coal holes to the U. S. Geological Survey, which is the department which is in charge of the mines. The progress made in the coke region in making working and living conditions nearly ideal is a matter of which the U. S. Geological Survey is proud.

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center, due to the intelligent and successful utilization of her vast coal resources. Coal has made possible the civilization and maintenance of her people. The progress made in the coke region in making working and living conditions nearly ideal is a matter of which the U. S. Geological Survey is proud.

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SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS AT SCOTSDALE?

Curious Men Wonder What
the Fancy Work Is In-
tended For.

IS A CHAUTAUQUA INNOVATION

Lakewood, Scotland Comes to the
Front With the Use of Flashlights,
Cushions for Travel, and Col-
lege Education Is More Popular.

Special to The Courier
SCOTSDALE, July 26.—What the Chautauquians are up to in their little Scotch town in interest of the curious men who wonder what the fancy work is intended for.

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Newer Attractions

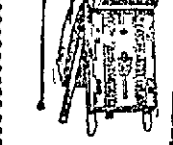
Strong Inducements For The Last
Week of Our

JULY CLEARANCE AND MANUFACTURERS OUTLET SALE

Women who are keen judges of value will find this week's bargains the best yet offered during this double economy event. New purchases of Manufacturers' stocks at disposal prices in conjunction with the clearance of our own merchandise, makes the savings all the more remarkable.

Wall Paper in The Sale

Wonderful values in Wall Paper is a feature of this Clearance Sale, as every roll of Wall Paper in stock is on sale at unheard of prices.



Wall Paper, formerly priced at 15c to 35c the bolt, including imported printed Onatoneals, leather effects, plain Onatoneals, gills, in a large variety of patterns and colors with ceilings and borders or borders to match.

A few patterns leather effect, heavy gills, satin finish, regular price 50c to \$1.00 the bolt, at about ONE-THIRD REGULAR PRICE.

Wal Papers for every room in the house—all colors, pretty designs with 9 inch and 13 inch borders, regular 10c and 15c Papers—the single roll, at 6c and 7 1/2c.

Wal Papers for Bed Rooms, Kitchens, Halls, etc.—a good selection at 5c, 10c and 15c Bolt.

A general clean-up in all odd and short lot Papers, 20 or 25 patterns, limited quantity of each, at 1c to 5c Bolt Paper hanging at special low prices during July and August.

We Give United Profit Sharing Coupons Twice as Valuable as Stamps.

KOBACKER'S THE BIG STORE ON PITTSBURGH ST.

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MONEY TO LOAN

We secure loans for honest people having regular income on Furniture, Live Stock, Real Estate, U. S. Steel Stock from \$10 to \$200. We also buy Steel Stock. Salary loans secured. All loans repaid in easy installments. All business strictly confidential. It you can't come, write or phone.

FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY,
207 Title & Trust Building,
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WHAT TO DO FOR ITCHING SKINS

Terrene, ringworm and other itching, burning skin eruptions are so easily cured by the use of the famous "Terrene" ointment that you need not hesitate to use even on a baby's tender skin—that is, the famous "Terrene" ointment.

That there is a beautiful relief in the use of the famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it. The famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it. The famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it.

CLEARs BLOTCHY SKIN

The famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it. The famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it. The famous "Terrene" ointment is a fact that is well known to all who have used it.

The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

Gail changed her garments and let down her waving hair and, disdaining the help of her maid, performed all the little nightly duties, to the putting away of her clothing. Then, in a perfectly neat and orderly boudoir, she sat down to take herself seriously to hand.

There was a knock at the door and, on invitation, the tall and stately Mrs. Helen Davies came in, frilled and ruffled for the night. She found the dainty, little guest boudoir in green daintiness. Gail had turned down all the lights in the room except the green lamp under the canopy, and she sat on the divan, with her brown hair rippling about her shoulders, her knees clasped in her arms, and her dainty little boudoir slippers peeping from her flowing pink negligee, while the dim green light, suited to her present reflections, only enhanced the clear pink of her complexion. Mrs. Davies moved over to the other side of Gail, where she could surround her, and laid the brown hand on her shoulder.

Gail, whose quick intelligence no movement escaped, lay comfortably on Aunt Helen's shoulder, and a clear laugh slipped out. She could not see the smile of satisfaction and relief with which Aunt Helen Davies received that laugh.

"My dear," I am quite well pleased with you," she said. "You have a brilliant future before you."

Gail's eyelids closed; the long, brown lashes curved down on her cheeks, revealing just a sparkle of brightness, while the mischievous little smile twitched at the corners of her lips.

"If you were an ordinary girl, I would urge you, tonight, to make a selection among the exceptionally excellent matrimonial material of which you have a choice, but, with your extraordinary talents and beauty, my advice is just to the contrary. You should delay until you have had a wider opportunity for judgment. You have not as yet shown any marked preference, I hope."

Gail's quick, unerring impulse was to giggle, but she clothed her voice demurely.

"No, Aunt Helen."

"You are remarkably wise," complimented Aunt Helen, a bit of appreciation which quite checked Gail's impulse to giggle. "In the meantime, it is just as well to study your opportunities. Of course there's Dick Hadley, whom no one considers seriously, and Willis Cunningham, whose one and only drawback is such questionable health that he might persistently interfere with your social activities. Houston Van Ploem, I am frank to say, is the most eligible of all, and to have attracted his attention is a distinct triumph. Mr. Allison, while rather advanced in years—

"Please!" cried Gail. "You'd think I was a bore."

"I know just how you feel," stated Aunt Helen, entirely unimpressed; "but you have your future to consider, and I wish to invite your confidence," and in her voice there was the quaver of much concern.

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," said Gail, realizing the sincerity of the older woman's intentions, and, putting her arms around Mrs. Davies' neck, she kissed her. "It is dear of you to take so much interest."

"I think it's pride," confessed Mrs. Davies, naively. "I won't keep you up a minute longer, Gail. Go to bed, and get all the sleep you can. Only sleep will keep these notions down. Goodnight," and with a "tiring" wave she went to her own room, with a sense of a duty well performed.

Gail smiled retrospectively, and tried the blue light under the canopy lamp, but turned it off immediately. The green gave a much better effect of moonlight on the floor.

She called herself back out of the mists of her previous thought. Who was this Gail, and what was she? There had come a new need in her, a new awakening. Something needed to have changed in her, to have crystallized. Whatever this crystallization was, it had made her know that marriage was not to be looked upon as a mere inevitable social episode. Her thoughts flew back to Aunt Helen, her eyelashes brushed her cheeks, and the little smile of sarcasm twitched the corners of her lips.

Aunt Helen's list of eligible, and tried the blue light under the canopy lamp, but turned it off immediately. The green gave a much better effect of moonlight on the floor.

The library clock chimed the hour, and started her out of her reverie. She turned on the lights and sat in front of her mirror to give her hair one of those extra brushings for which it was so grateful, and which it repaid with so much beauty. She paused deliberately to study herself in the glass

Why, this was a new Gail, a more potent Gail. What was it Allison had said about her potentialities? Allison, strong, forceful, aggressive Allison. It was potency itself. A thrill of his handclasp clung with her yet, and a slight flush crept into her cheeks. Aunt Grace had worried about Jim's little cold, and the distant nurse she thought she heard, and the silver chest, and Lucile's dangerous-looking new horse, until all these topics had faded, when she detected the unmistakable click of a switch button near by. It must be in Gail's suite. Hadn't the child retired yet? She lay quite still, pondering that mighty question for ten minutes, and then, unable to rest any longer, she slipped out of bed and across the hall. There was no light coming from under the doors of either the boudoir or the bedroom, so Aunt Grace peeped into the latter apartment, then she lifted softly away. Gail, in her cascade of pink negligee, was at the north window, kneeling, with her earnest face upturned to one bright, pale star.

CHAPTER VII.

Still Picking Out the World. The map of the United States in Edward E. Allison's library began, now, to develop little streaks, but they were boldly marked, and they buzzed, with extraordinary closeness, the pencil mark which Allison had drawn from New York to Chicago and from Chicago to San Francisco. There were long gaps between them, but these did not seem to worry him very much. It was the little streaks, sometimes scarcely over an inch, which he drew with such evident pleasure from day to day, and now, occasionally, as he passed in and out, he stopped by the big globe and gave it a contemplative whirl. On the day he joined his far western group of little marks by bridging three small gaps, he received a caller in the person of a short, well-dressed old man, who walked with a cane and looked half asleep, by reason of the many yawns which had piled up under his eyes and nearly closed them.

"I'm ready to wind up, Tim," remarked Allison, offering his caller a chair, and lighting one himself. "When can we have that Vedder Court property condemned?"

"Whenever you give the word," reported Tim Corman, who spoke with an automatic smile, and with the quiet dignity of a man who had borne grave business responsibilities, and had borne them well.

Allison nodded his head in satisfaction.

"You're sure there can't be any hitch in it?"

"Not if I say it's all right," and the words were Tim's only report. His tone was perfectly level, and there was no glint in his eyes. Offended dignity had nothing to do with business. Give me one week's notice, and the Vedder Court property will be condemned for the city terminal of the Municipal Transportation company. Appraisalment, thirty-one million."

"I only wanted to be reassured," apologized Allison. "I took your word that you could swing it when I made my own gamble, but now I have to drag other people into it."

"That's right," agreed Tim. "I never get offended over straight business." In other times Tim Corman would have said "get on," but, as he neared the end of his years of useful activity, he was making quite a specialty of refinement, and stocking a picture gallery, and becoming a con-



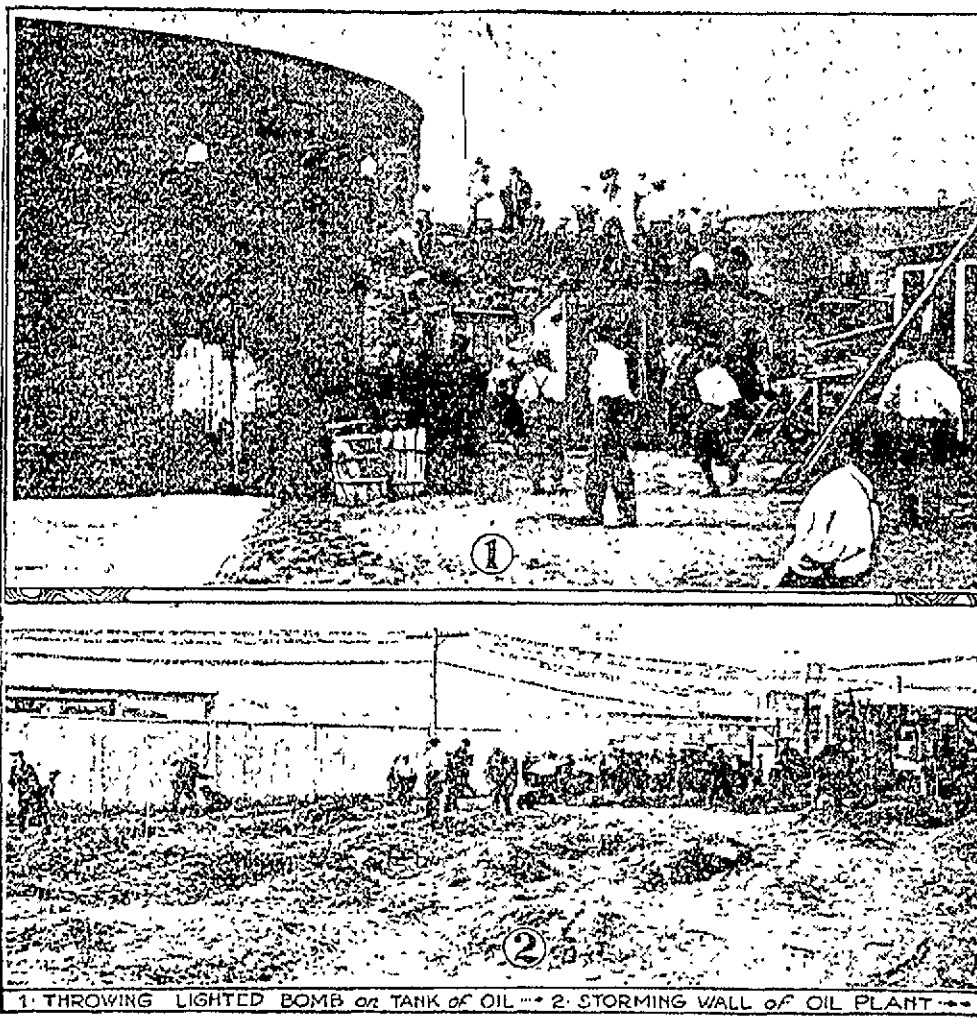
"All I Know Is a Guess, and I Don't Tell Guesses."

nocturnal collector of rare old jewels. He dressed three times a day.

"How about the Crescent Island subway?"

"Any time," and Tim Corman

Death and Destruction in Big Strike at Standard Oil Plant in Bnyonne, N. J.



1. THROWING LIGHTED BOMB ON TANK OF OIL. 2. STORMING WALL OF OIL PLANT.

manipulation in that," decided Allison, who knew the traction situation to the last nickel. "The city needs that outlet, and it needs the new territory which will be opened up. I think we'd better push the subway right on across to the mainland. The extension would have to be made in ten years anyhow."

"It's better right now," immediately assented Corman. In ten years he might be dead.

"I think, too, that we'd better provide for a heavy future expansion," went on Allison, glancing expectantly into Tim's old eyes. "We'd probably better provide for a double-track, eight-track tube."

Tim Corman drew a wheezy breath, and then he grinned the smile shadow of his old-time grin; but it still had the same spirit.

"You got a hen on," he decided. In "society," Tim could manage very nicely to use fashionable language, but in business he found it impossible.

After the third or fourth minute of conversation, he had taken in every detail of the room on his entrance, and his glance had strayed more than once to the red streaks on the big map.

Now he approached it, and studied it with absorbed interest. "You're a smart boy, Ed," he commented. "Across Crescent Island is the only link you could snare in a railroad. You found the only crack that the big systems haven't tied up."

"All you can get me to admit, just now, is that the city needs an eight-track tube across Crescent Island, under lease to the Municipal Transportation company," stated Allison, smiling with gratification. A compliment of this sort from almost old Tim Corman, who was reputed to be the foremost man in the world, was a tribute highly flattering.

"That's right," approved Tim. "All I know is a guess, and I don't tell guesses. This is a big job, though, Ed. A subway to Crescent Island, under proper restrictions, is just an ordinary year's work for the boys, but this tube pokes its nose into Oakland bay."

"I'm quite aware of the size of the job," chuckled Allison. "However, Tim, there'll be money enough behind this proposition to fill that tube with greenbacks."

Between the narrow-slitted and puffy eyelids of Tim Corman there gleamed a trace of the old-time grin. "That's the bill," he rose and leaned on his cane, smiling down on the man whom, years before, he had picked as a "comer." "I've heard people say that money's wicked, but they never had any. When I die, and go down to the big ferry, if the Old Boy comes along and offers me enough money, I'll go to hell."

Still laughing, Allison telephoned to the offices of the Midcontinent railroad, and dashed out to his runabout just in time to see Tim Corman driving around the corner in his liveried landau. He found in President Corman's bank of the Midcontinent, a spare man who had worn three vertical creases in his brow over one thwarted ambition. His rich but appalling railroad system ran fairly straight after it was well started for Chicago, and fairly straight from that way point until it became drunken with the monotony of the western foothills, where it gangled and angled its way in the far south and around up the Pacific coast, swirling there dusty and rattling, after a thousand-mile detour from its course—but that road had no direct entrance into New York city. It approached from the north, and was compelled to circle completely around, over hired tracks, to gain a ferryboat entrance.

Passengers injured to confine in over the Midcontinent, which was a well-equipped road otherwise, counted but half their journey done when they came in sight of New York, no matter from what distance they had come. "Out marketing for railroads today, Gail?" suggested Allison.

"I don't know," smiled Urbank. "I might look at a few."

"Here they are," and Allison tossed him a memorandum slip.

Urbank glanced at the slip, then he looked up at Allison in amazement. He had a funny forward angle to his neck when he was interested, and the creases in his brow were deepened until they looked like cuts.

"I thought you were joking, and I'm still charitable enough to think no 'What's all this junk?'"

"Little remnants and job lots of railroads I've been picking up," and he looked up at Allison in amazement. He had a funny forward angle to his neck when he was interested, and the creases in his brow were deepened until they looked like cuts.

"If you're serious about interesting the Midcontinent in any of this property, we don't need to waste much time," Urbank leaned back and held his knee. "There are only two of these reads approach the Midcontinent system at any point, and they are needless property so far as we are concerned: the L and C, in the East, and the Silverknob and Nugget City in the west, which touch our White Range branch at its southern terminus. We couldn't do anything with those."

"You landed on the best ones right away," smiled Allison. "However, I don't propose to sell these to the Midcontinent. I propose to absorb the Midcontinent with them."

Urbank suddenly remembered Allison's traction history, and leaned forward to look at the job lots and remnants again.

"This list isn't complete," he judged and turned to Allison with a serious question in his eye.

"Almost," and Allison blinched a little closer to the desk. "There remains an aggregate of three hundred and twenty miles of road to be built in four short stretches. In addition to this, I have a twenty-year contract over a hundred-mile stretch of the Island Pacific, a track right entry into San Francisco, and this," he displayed to Urbank a preliminary copy of an ordinance, authorizing the immediate building of an eight-track tube through Crescent Island to the mainland. "Possibly you can understand this whole project better if I show you a map, and he spread out his little pocket sketch."

It had been possible to reverse the process of time and worry and weariness, concentration, President Urbank of the Midcontinent would have risen from his inspection of that map with a brow as smooth as a baby's. Instead, his lips went dry, as he craned forward his neck at that funny angle, and projected his chin with the foolish motion of a goose.

"A direct entrance right along into the center of New York!" he exclaimed, tracking all his knuckles violently one by one. "Vedder court! Where's that?"

"That's the best part of the joke," exulted Allison, with no thought that Vedder court was, at this present moment, church property. "It's just where you said—right along in the center of New York, and the building, into which the Midcontinent will run its trains will be also the terminal building of every municipal transportation line in Manhattan. From its station platforms passengers from Chicago as far as West will strain to

rectly into subway, L, or trolley. When they come in over the line which is now the Midcontinent, they will be landed, not across the river, or in some side street, but right at their own doors, scattering from the Midcontinent terminal over a hundred traction lines!" His voice, which had begun in the mild banter of a man passing an idle joke, had risen to a ring so triumphant that he was almost shouting.

"But—wait a minute!" Urbank protested. He was stuttering. "Where does the Midcontinent get to the Crescent Island tube?"

"Right here," and Allison pointed to his map. "You come out of the tube to the L and C, which has a long-time tracking privilege over fifty miles of the Towanda Valley, and terminates at Windfall. At Ferguson, however, just two miles after the L and C, leaves the Towanda, that road—"

"Is crossed by our tracks!" Urbank eagerly interrupted. "The Midcontinent, after its direct exit, saves a seventy-mile detour! Then it's a straight shoot for Chicago! Straight on again out west—Why, Allison, your route is almost as straight as an arrow! It will have a three-hundred-mile shorter haul than even the Island Pacific! You'll put that road out of the business! You'll have the king of transcontinental lines, and none can ever be built that will have one kink!"

His neck protruded still further from his collar as he bent over the map. "Here you split off from the Midcontinent's main line and utilize the White Range branch; from Silverknob—My God!" and his mouth dropped open.

"Why—why—why, you cross the big range over the Island Pacific's own tracks!" and his voice cracked.

Edward E. Allison, his vanity gratified to its very core, sat back comfortably, smiling and smoking, until Urbank awoke.

"I suppose we can come to some arrangement," he mildly suggested.

Urbank looked at him still in a daze for a moment, and a trace of the creases came back into his brow, then they faded away.

"You figured all this out before you came to me," he remarked. "On what terms do we get in?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mine for the Golden Altar. Vedder Court was a very different among townsmen groups. Its decrepit old wooden buildings, as if worn down from disrepair and seclusion, decay, leaned against each other crookedly for support, and leered down at the sudden swarms beneath, out of broken-pained windows which gave somehow a ludicrous effect of blurred eyes. There had once been a narrow strip of curbed soil in the center of the street, where three long-shaded, partitioned beds given the quarter its name of "court," but this space was now as bare and dry as the asphalt surrounding it, and, as it was too small even for the purpose of children at play, a wooden bench, upon which no one had ever sat, as, indeed, why should they? had long ago been placed on it, to become loose-jointed and weather-split and rotted, like all the rest of the neighborhood.

As for its tenants, they were exactly the sort of birds one might expect to find in such foul nests. They were of many nations, but of just two main varieties: stupid and squalid, or thin and further; but they were all a w, and they bore, in their complexions, the poison of crowded breathing spaces, and bad sewerage, and unwholesome or insufficient food.

Into this mire there drove an utterly

out-of-place little electric car. At the wheel was the fresh-checked Gail Sargent, and with her was the twin-kling-eyed Rufus Manning, whose white beard rippled down to his second waistcoat button. They drove slowly the length of the court and back again, the girl studying every detail with acute interest. They stopped in front of Temple Mission, which, with its ugly red and blue lettering, nearly erased by years of monthly scrubbing, occupied an old store room once used as a saloon.

"So this is the chrysalis from which the butterfly cathedral is to emerge," commented Gail, as Manning held the door open for her, and before she rose she peered again around the unfamiliar "court," which not even the bright winter sunshine could relieve of its dinginess; rather, the sun made it only the more dismal by presenting the ugliness more in detail.

"This is the place which produces the gold which is to gild the altar," asserted Manning, studying the side walk. "I don't think you'd better come in here. You'll spoil your shoes."

"I want to see it all this time because I'm never coming back," insisted Gail, and placed one daintily shod foot on the step.

"Then I'll have to shame Sir Walter Raleigh," laughed the silver-bearded Manning, and, to her gasping surprise, he caught her around the waist and lifted her across to the door, whereat several soiled urchins laughed, and one vinegary-faced old woman grinned in horrible appreciation, and dropped Manning a familiarly respectful curtsy as he passed.

There was no caw in the mission except a broad-shouldered man with a roughly hewn face, who ducked his head at Manning and touched his forehead to the side of his head. He was placing huge soup kettles in their holes in the counter at the rear of the room, and Manning called attention to this.

"A practical mission," he explained. "We start in by saving the bodies."

"Do you get any further?" inquired Gail, glancing from the empty benches and the atrociously colored "religious"



He Dropped Behind to Slip Something Which Looked Like Money.

pictures on the walls to the windows, past which coddled a mass of humanity, all but submerged in hopelessness.

"Sometimes," replied Manning

is kept up. It might interest you to know that Market Square church spends fifteen thousand dollars a year in charity relief, in Vedder court alone."

"And how much a year does Market Square church take out of Vedder court?"

"I was waiting for that bit of impertinence," laughed Manning. "I shall be surprised at nothing, you say since that first day when you characterized Market Square church as a remarkably lucrative enterprise? Have you never felt any compunctions of conscience over that?"

"Not once," answered Gail promptly. She had started to scatter herself on one of the "empty" benches, but had changed her mind. "If I had been given to any such self-indulgence, however, I should reproach myself now. I think Market Square church not only commended but original."

"I'll have to give your soul a chastisement," smiled Manning. "These people must live somewhere, and because Vedder court, being church property, is exempt from taxation, they find cheaper rents here than anywhere in the city. If we were to put up improved buildings, I don't know where they would go, because we would be compelled to charge more rent."

"In order to make the same rate of profit," responded Gail. "Out of all this misery, Market Square church is reaping a harvest rich enough to build a fifty million dollar cathedral, and I have sufficient disregard for the particular deity under whom you do business, to feel sure that he would not destroy it by lightning. I want out of here."

"Frankly, so do I," admitted Manning, "although I'm ashamed of myself. It's all right for you, who are young, to be fastidious, but you, Daddy Manning, is coward enough to want to make his peace with heaven, after a life which put a few blots on the book."

She laughed at him speculatively for a moment, and then she laughed.

"You know, I don't believe that, Daddy Manning. You're an old fraud, who does good by stealth, in order to gain the reputation of having been picturesquely wicked. Tell me why you belong to Market Square church."

"Because it's so respectable," she twinkled down at her. "When an old sinner has lost every other claim to respectability, he has himself put on the vestry."

He dropped behind on the way to the door, to surreptitiously slip something, which looked like money, to the man with the roughly hewn countenance, and as he stood talking, Rev. Smith Boyd came in, not quite breathless, but as if he had hurried.

"I knew you were here," he said, taking Gail's slender hand in his own; then his eyes turned cold.

"You recognized my pink ribbon bows," and she laughed up at him frankly. "You haven't been over it long lately."

(To Be Continued.)

Phonetic Spelling. Phonetic spelling was evidently in fashion in the sixteenth century, when even Shakespeare could not spell his own name consistently. There is a letter dug from the correspondence of a lady of the sixteenth century in the book of the "Goldsword Farm," the Black-Bancho. Julia wrote—it is a matter of debt between the countess and "My lord a Kallor"—"My lord a Kallor and your wife I honour and love, but your false swearing and promise I utterly abhor." What she really meant was "utterly abhor"—London Telegraph.

